My Last Cigar
A Tobacco Poem

Joseph Warren Fabens/Charles Wesley
Arr. Salwa Bachar

Tenor

1. 'Twas off the blue Canary Isles, a glorious summer
   day, I sat upon the quarter deck and

2. I leaned upon the quarter rail and looked down in the
   sea, e'en there the purple wreath of smoke was

3. I watched the ashes as it came fast drawing toward the
   end, I watched it as a friend would watch beneficence

4. I've seen the land of all I love fade in the distance
   dim, I've watched above the blighted heart where

C/G G C C7 F

1. whiffed my cares away. And as the volumed smoke arose like
2. curling gracefully. Oh what had I at such a time to
3. side a dying friend, but still the flame swept slowly on, it
4. once proud hope hath been, yet I have never known a sorrow that

C7 F F Gm

1. incense in the air, I breathed a sigh to think in sooth it
2. do with wasting care? Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed it
3. vanished into air; I threw it from me, spare the tale; it
4. could with that compare - When off the blue Canary I

C F

1. was my last cigar.
2. was my last cigar.
3. was my last cigar.
4. smoked my last cigar.

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